

NO.1

\$1.25

ANDROMEDA



JAMES TIPTREE'S
THE MAN WHO
WALKED HOME

©1976 by James Allison

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ANDROMEDA

Cover by John Allison
Back Cover by Paul Rivoche

Amber Frontispiece
by Robert MacIntyre

The Man Who Walked Home 3
by James Tiptree
illustrated by John Allison
and Tony Meers

**The Escape And Pursuit
Of Jeanne d'Arc** 27
by Dean Motter

A Day At YGSRD'S 46
by Jason Ross

SGT MARK E. RAINEY
HRS CO., H8S BN, IS
CAMP PENDLETON, CA 92055

PRODUCING this magazine has taken just over two years. During that time it has devoured two publishers, five different formats, half a dozen line-ups, two lead features, three covers, two editorials, and one friendship. So whoever tells you that it's easy to produce one of these things is having you on. (Whoever tells you that it is possible to produce one of these things is probably getting a chuckle at your expense, as well.)

SO.... here we are. A little older, and frankly, a little more ready for publication. I was going to launch into an esoteric diatribe on the 'graphic story medium' (that's comic book talk for 'comic book'). I'm famous for such diatribes, consequently I don't get invited out much. But I'll save it for the next issue. It's a dandy.

IN the meantime I think it best to simply introduce the parties responsible for this issue.

THE cover to your far left and the story to your right are the work of JOHN ALLISON. John's been around a bit. No doubt you've seen his work everywhere from **UNKNOWN WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION** to **WEEKEND MAGAZINE**. The subject of both cover and story is JAMES TIPTREE'S classic short story **The Man Who Walked Home**. However you'll note that the last 14 pages of the story are in a hand other than John's. When John's commercial commitments put the squeeze on the story, newcomer TONY MEERS pitched in and polished it off in half the time he should've been allowed.

TO your immediate left, the work of ROBERT MACINTYRE. Rob has been around a bit as well. Especially to his credit are 3 portfolios of the fantastic, and a couple of books published by DONALD M. GRANT.

TO your immediate right, a small spot illustration by JASON ROSS. His story **A Day At YGSRD'S** appears later on in this issue.

MY own story, **The Escape and Pursuit of Jeanne d'Arc** follows. I shan't attempt an explanation. All I ask is that you play around with it in your head a little.

PAUL Rivoche, Ottawa's enfant terrible, graces our back cover with one of his typical airbrush spectaculars. Paul has a couple of portfolios and some SF book covers to his name. Watch for his adaptation of ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S **Exile of the Eons** in an upcoming **ANDROMEDA**.

HEREIN is the unseen hand of RON VAN LEEUWEN, proprietor of the Silver Snail Comic Shop in Toronto. It is Ron's enthusiasm and understanding that have made this magazine possible.

BEFORE I put my pen down I should mention our sister publication **ARIK-KHAN** No. 1. This is a book-length adventure from FRANC REYES (D.C.'s **TARZAN** and **Mystery Books**) and poet laureate B.P. NICHOL. Sword and Sorcery, monsters... you know, the good stuff.

FINAL plug: Our original lead feature was part one of a five part epic entitled **The Sacred and the Profane**. I wrote it, Ken Steacy drew it—**STAR*REACH** is running it.

Thanks for coming.

DEAN MOTTER

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 1 September 1977. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics Ltd. 321 Queen St. W. Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter editor. **The Man Who Walked Home** © 1977 James Tiptree, illustrations © John Allison. **The Escape and Pursuit of Jeanne d'Arc** © 1977 Iconoclast Imageworks. **A Day at YGSRD'S** © 1977 Jason Ross. Front Cover © 1976 John Allison. Inside front cover © 1977 Robert MacIntyre. Back cover © 1977 Paul Rivoche. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead are intended or should be inferred. Founding Publisher: Bill Paul. Printed in Canada.





TRANSGRESSION! TERROR!

AND HE THRUST AND LOST THERE—

—PUNCHED INTO IMPOSSIBILITY, ABANDONED
NEVER TO BE KNOWN HOW, THE WRONG MAN
IN THE MOST WRONG OF ALL WRONG PLACES...

...IN THAT UNIMAGINABLE COLLAPSE
OF NEVER-TO-BE-REIMAGINED
MECHANISM.

—HE STRANDED, UNDONE...

...HIS LIFELINE SEVERED,
THE LONGEST LINE TO
LIFE WITHDRAWING...

WINKING
OUT,

...DISAPPEARING FOREVER
BEYOND HIS GRASP...

—TELESCOPING AWAY FROM HIM
INTO THE CLOSING VORTEX
BEYOND WHICH LAY HIS
HOME, HIS LIFE,

...HIS ONLY POSSIBILITY OF BEING;

...SEEING IT SUCKED BACK
INTO THE DEEPEST MAW,

MELTING,

LEAVING HIM TO BE ORPHANED
ON WHAT NEVER-TO-BE-KNOWN
SHORE OF TOTAL WRONGNESS,

—OF BEAUTY BEYOND JOY, PERHAPS?

OF NOTHINGNESS? OF HORROR?

OF PROFOUND OTHERNESS
ONLY, CERTAINLY.

WHATEVER IT WAS, THAT
PLACE INTO WHICH HE
TRANSRESSED,

IT COULD NOT SUPPORT HIS
LIFE THERE, HIS VIOLENT
AND VIOLATING ABERRANCE;

AND HE, FERCE BRAVE, CRAZY-CLENCHED
INTO TOTAL PROTEST, ONE BODY FIST OF
UTTER REPUDIATION OF HIMSELF
THERE IN THAT PLACE,

—FORSKEN THERE

—WHAT DID HE DO?

THE MAN WHO

ORIGINAL STORY:
James Tiptree ©1977
ADAPTATION:
John Allison



REJECTED, EXILED,
HUNGERING HOMEWARDS AND
DESPERATE THAN ANY LOST
BEAST DRIVING FOR ITS
UNREACHABLE HOME,

-HIS HOME,

-HIS HOME!

AND NO WAY, NO TRANSPORT, NO VEHICLE
MEANS, MACHINERY, NO FORCE BUT HIS
INTOLERABLE RESOLVE AIMED HOMEWARD
ALONG THAT VANISHING VECTOR,

THAT LAST AND ONLY LIFELINE,

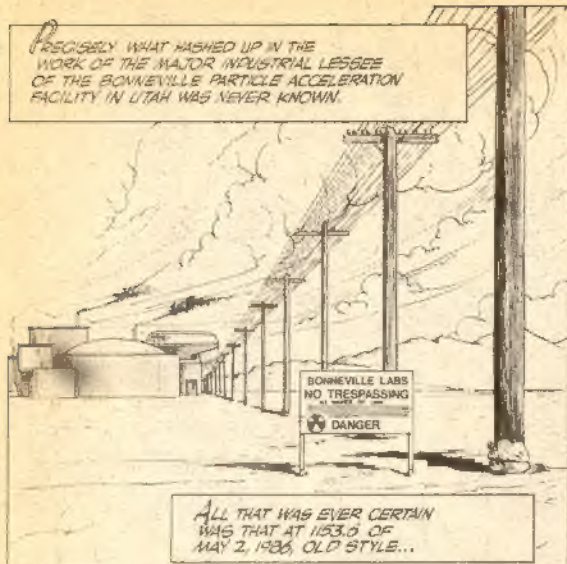
HE DID WHAT?

HE WALKED
HOME.

WALKED HOME

ILLUSTRATED BY:
*John Allison &
Tony Meers*

PRECISELY WHAT WASHED UP IN THE WORK OF THE MAJOR INDUSTRIAL LESSEE OF THE BONNEVILLE PARTICLE ACCELERATION FACILITY IN UTAH WAS NEVER KNOWN.

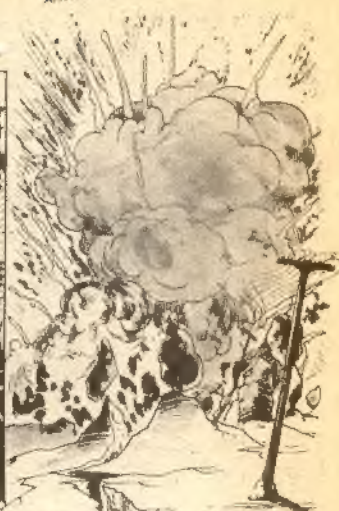


ALL THAT WAS EVER CERTAIN WAS THAT AT 1153.0 OF MAY 2, 1986, OLD STYLE...

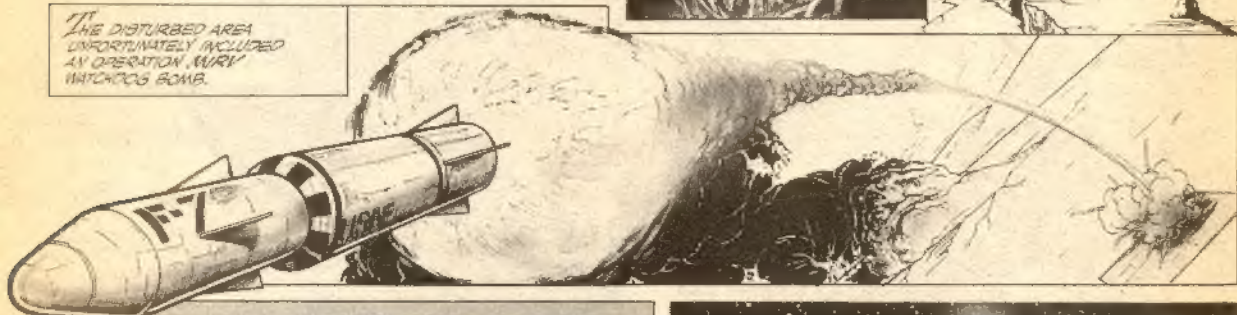
...THE LABORATORIES AND ALL THEIR PERSONNEL WERE TRANSFORMED INTO AN INTIMATELY DISRUPTED FORM OF MATTER, RESEMBLING A HIGH ENERGY FLAZA...



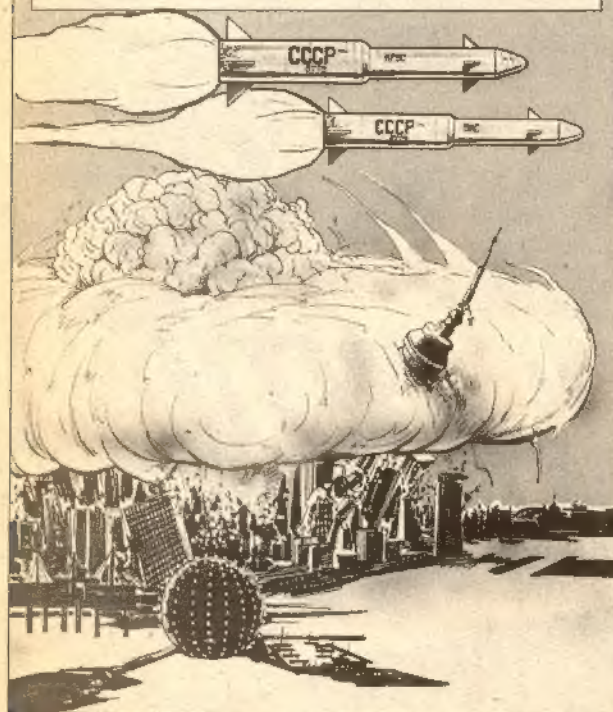
...WHICH BECAME AIR BORNE TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF RADIATING SEISMIC ATMOSPHERIC EVENTS.



THE DISTURBED AREA UNFORTUNATELY INCLUDED AN OPERATION NUKY WATCHDOG BOMB.



IN THE CONFUSION OF THE NEXT FEW HOURS, THE EARTH'S POPULATION WAS SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED.



THE BIOSPHERE WAS ALTERED.

THE EARTH ITSELF WAS MARKED WITH NUMBERS OF MORE CONVENTIONAL CRATERS...



FOR SOME YEARS THEREAFTER, THE SURVIVORS WERE EXISTENTIALLY PREOCCUPIED.

THE PECULIAR DUST BOWL AT BONNEVILLE WAS LEFT TO WEATHER BY ITSELF IN THE CHANGING CLIMATIC CYCLES. IT WAS NOT A LARGE CRATER, JUST OVER A KILOMETER ACROSS.

BEFORE THE RAINS BEGAN, IT WAS ALMOST PERFECTLY FLAT. ONLY IN CERTAIN LIGHTS, HAD ANYONE BEEN THERE TO INSPECT IT...

A SMALL SURFACE MARKING, OR A BRAIDED PLACE, COULD BE DETECTED...

ALMOST EXACTLY AT THE CENTER.

TWO DECADES AFTER THE DISASTER, A PARTY OF SHORT BROWN PEOPLE APPEARED FROM THE SOUTH, TOGETHER WITH A FLOCK OF SOMEWHAT ATYPICAL SHEEP.

GRASS DID NOT GROW WELL IN THE BASIN, DOUBTLESS FROM THE COMPLETE LACK OF MICRO-ORGANISMS, BUT NEITHER THIS NOR THE SURROUNDING VIGOROUS GRASS WERE FOUND TO HARM THE SHEEP.

A FEW CRUDE HOBANS WENT UP ON THE SOUTHERN EDGE AND A FAINT PATH BEGAN TO BE TRACED ACROSS THE CRATER ITSELF...

ONE SPRING MORNING, TWO CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN DRIVING SHEEP ACROSS THE CRATER, CAME SCREAMING BACK TO CAMP...

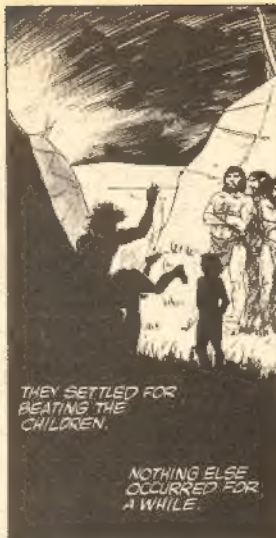
A MONSTER HAD BURST OUT OF THE GROUND BEFORE THEM, A HUGE, FLAT ANIMAL MAKING A DREADFUL ROAR!

...THEN IT VANISHED IN A FLASH AND A SHAKING OF THE EARTH, LEAVING AN EVIL SMELL.

...PASSING BY THE CENTRAL BARE SPOT.

...THE SHEEP HAD RUN AWAY.

SINCE THIS LAST WAS
VIBRANTLY TRUE, SOME ELDERS
INVESTIGATED, FINDING NO
PLACE IN WHICH IT COULD
HIDE...



THEY SETTLED FOR
BEATING THE
CHILDREN.

NOTHING ELSE
OCCURRED FOR
A WHILE.

THE FOLLOWING SPRING, THE EPISODE WAS REPEATED.

THIS TIME AN OLDER GIRL WAS PRESENT AND SHE
COULD ADD ONLY THAT THE MONSTER SEEMED TO BE
RUSHING FLAT OUT ALONG THE GROUND.



AGAIN NOTHING WAS FOUND, AN EVIL WARD
IN A CLEFT STICK WAS PLACED IN THE SPOT.



WHEN THE SAME THING
HAPPENED FOR THE THIRD
TIME, OTHER CHARM
WARDS WERE
ADDED.



BUT NO HARM SEEMED
TO COME OUT OF IT, AND THE
BROWN PEOPLE HAD SEEN FAR
WORSE SHEEP TENDING
RESUMED AS BEFORE.

THE YEARS PASS.

AT THE END OF THE THIRD
DECADE, A TALL OLD MAN
LEAPED DOWN THE HILLS
FROM THE SOUTH.



HE CAMPED AT THE FAR SIDE
OF THE CRATER AND SOON
FOUND THE MONSTER SITE.

HE ATTEMPTED TO QUESTION
SOME PEOPLE ABOUT IT, BUT
NOBODY UNDERSTOOD HIM.



HE SPENT SOME TIME AROUND
THE PLACE OF THE APPARITION AND
WAS NEARBY WHEN IT MADE
ITS NEXT APPEARANCE.



THIS EXCITED HIM VERY MUCH AND HE MOVED
HIS CAMP INTO THE CRATER BY THE TRAIL.

HE STAYED ON FOR A FULL YEAR WATCHING THE SITE, AND WAS CLOSE BY FOR THE NEXT MANIFESTATION.



AFTER THIS, HE SPENT A FEW DAYS MAKING A CHARM STONE FOR THE SPOT



THEN HE LEFT NORTHWARD, HOBBLING AS HE WENT

AND MORE DECADES PASSED



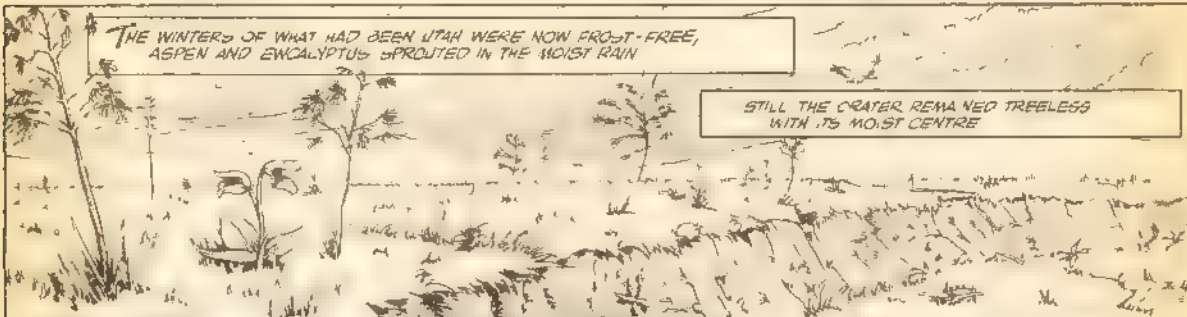
THE CRATER EXPLODED AND A RAIN JULY BECAME AN INTERMITTENT STREAMLET. THE SKIES CLEARED SOMEWHAT.

THE BROWN PEOPLE AND THEIR SHEEP WERE ATTACKED BY A BAND OF GRIZZLED MEN



AFTER WHICH THE SURVIVORS WENT EASTWARD

THE WINTERS OF WHAT HAD BEEN UTAH WERE NOW FROST-FREE, ASPEN AND EUCALYPTUS SPROUTED IN THE MOIST RAIN



STILL THE CRATER REMAINED TREELESS WITH ITS MOIST CENTRE



BUT THESE PEOPLE DID NOT DEPART THE STONE THE TALL MAN HAD PLACED WAS NOTED AND LEFT UNDISTURBED

A HERDSMAN'S HUT WAS BUILT BY THE STREAM, WHICH IN TIME BECAME THE HABITATION OF AN OLIVE-SKINNED, RED HAIRD FAMILY



A SMALL PERMANENT SETTLEMENT HAD GROWN UP ON THE NEAREST RANGE OF HILLS



IN DUE COURSE ONE OF THIS CLAN AGAIN OBSERVED THE MONSTER FLASH..



THE HOMESTEAD AT THE CRATER'S EDGE BECAME A GROUP OF THREE AND WAS JOINED BY OTHERS.



AT THE CENTER OF THE STILL FAINTLY DISCERNABLE CRATER THE "ARTROAD" MADE A BEND LEADING TO A SMALL GRASSY PLACE WITH A SQUARE METER OF CURIOUSLY BARE EARTH AND A DEEPLY ETCHED SANDSTONE ROCK.

THE APPEARITION OF THE MONSTER OCCURRED REGULARLY EACH SPRING IN THIS SPOT.

IT WAS REFERRED TO IN A PHRASE THAT COULD BE TRANSLATED AS "THE OLD DRAGON".



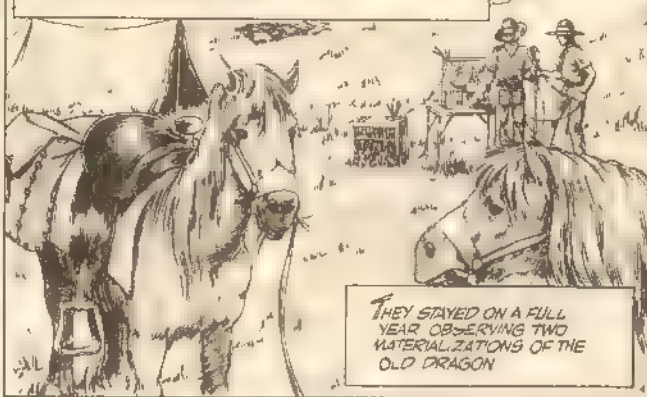
THE "OLD DRAGON" APPEARANCE WAS ALWAYS THE SAME, A BRIEF, VIOLENT THUNDER BURST WHICH CUT OFF ABRUPTLY.



AFTERWARDS THERE WAS A BAD SMELL AND THE EARTH SHOOK.



EARLY IN THE SECOND CENTURY TWO YOUNG MEN RODE INTO TOWN FROM THE NORTH INCLUDED IN THE EQUIPMENT THEY CARRIED WERE TWO BOX-LIKE OBJECTS WHICH THEY SET UP AT THE MONSTER SITE.



THEY STAYED ON A FULL YEAR OBSERVING TWO MATERIALIZATIONS OF THE OLD DRAGON.

THEN, THEY DEPARTED AFTER UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTEMPTING TO PERSUADE A LOCAL BOY TO OPERATE ONE.



IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FEW DECADES OTHER TRAVELLERS STOPPED BY AND MARVELLED AT THE MONSTER.



BUT THE RAIDERS LEFT A SPOTTING SICKNESS WHICH KILLED MANY.



THROUGH ALL THIS THE BARE SPOT IN THE CRATER'S CENTRE REMAINED AND THE MONSTER MADE HIS REGULAR APPEARANCES, ~OBSERVED OR NOT.



THE CRATER HAD FLOURISHED AND GROWN INTO THE FIELDS WHERE THE CATTLE HAD GRAZED. PART OF THE OLD CRATER BECAME THE TOWN PARK AND THE SMALL BARE AREA IN THE CRATER HAD BEEN FENCED OFF.



THE TOWN'S PEOPLE RENTED ROOMS FOR THE APPEARANCE AND MANY MORE-OR-LESS AUTHENTIC MONSTER RELICS WERE ON DISPLAY IN THE LOCAL TAVERNS.



A SMALL TOURIST INDUSTRY BASED ON THE MONSTER SITE DEVELOPED AND ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS TOURS CAME FROM THE DISTANT NORTHWEST AUTHORITY TO OBSERVE IT.



SEVERAL CULTS NOW GROWN UP AROUND THE MONSTER. ONE PERMANENT BELIEVER THAT IT HAD A DEVIL OR DAMNED SOUL.

FORCED TO REAPPEAR ON EARTH A TORMENT TO EXPUNGE THE CATASTROPHE OF THREE CENTURIES BACK.



OTHERS BELIEVED IT OR HE WAS SOME KIND OF MESSENGER WHOSE ROAR PORTENDED EITHER DOOM OR HOPE DEPENDING ON THE BELIEVER.



IN SOME SENSATIONS, AT LEAST ONE BOY NEEDED THE TOWN WITH A STRONG.



JOHN, A BOY WITH A BROKEN ARM AND A LIFE LONG TAVERN TALE.



PELTING THE FORTRESS WITH STONES OR OTHER OBJECTS WAS A COMMON PASTIME.

FOR SOME REASONS, PEOPLE SYSTEMATICALLY FLUNG FLOWERS AND OTHER OBJECTS.



ONCE A PARTY TRIED TO NET IT.



AND WAS LEFT WITH A STRONG AND VAPOR.



ROARING!

ONLY AS THE FOURTH CENTURY OF THE NEW ERA WENT BY WAS IT APPARENT THAT THE MONSTER HAD CHANGED SLIGHTLY

HE HAD AN ARM AND A LEG THROST UPWARD IN A KILKING OR FLYING GESTURE

AS THE YEARS PASSED HE BEGAN TO CHANGE MORE QUICKLY UNTIL AT THE END HE HAD RISEN TO A CONVICTED LROUINAL-POSE

IT WAS THEN WIDELY FELT THAT THE MAN MONSTER WAS ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING TO MAKE SOME DEFINITIVE MANIFESTATION.



THE REAR WAS "CHIEF" AT DIFFERENTLY DITCHED AND THE EARTH AFTER HIM SALVED MOKE AND MOKE

SEVERAL RE. BOLD LEADERS JOURNEED TO THE TOWN TO OBSERVE THE APPARITION

HOWEVER THE DECIDES PASSED AND THE MAN MONSTER DID NOTHING MORE THAN TURN BOWTLY A PLACE

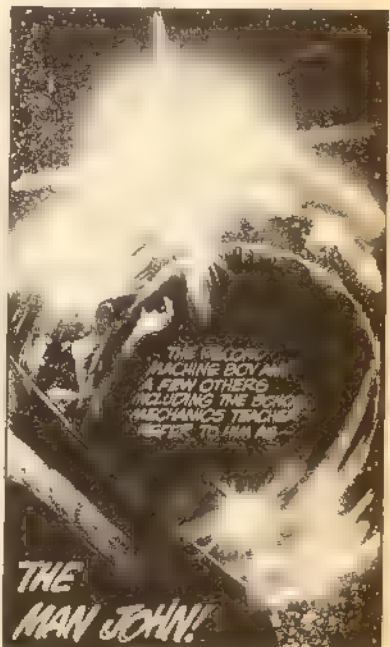
NOW HE APPEARED TO BEGIN THE ACT OF SLIDING OR STAGGERING WHILE PUSHING HIMSELF BACKWARD LIKE A GREAT RE BOWTLY BEFORE A GALE.

EARLY IN THE FIFTH CENTURY NEW CALENDAR THREE SURVEY PARTS FROM THE NORTH CENTRAL AUTHORITY CAME THROUGH THE AREA AND STOPPED TO OBSERVE THE MONSTER

AT THIS TIME NEARLY EVERYONE BELIEVED THAT THE APPARITION WAS A MAN OR THE GHOST OF ONE



A PERMANENT DEVICE WAS SET UP AT THE SITE AFTER ADDITIONAL TO THE TOWN VORLKA THAT NO HARD SCIENCE WAS INVOLVED



THE BOLD MACHINE BOY AND A FEW OTHERS INCLUDING THE BOLD MECHANICS TALKED TO HIM AS

THE MAN JOHN!

NOW NO ONE OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL WAS QUIETED AND NOTHING CAME OF IT AT ALL

THE GIRL CHATTED WITH HER HUSBAND
IN A LANGUAGE UNLIKE THAT EVER
HEARD BY THE MAN JOHN E THER
AT THE END OR THE BEGINNING
OF HIS LIFE.

ONE MAY MORNING AT
THE END OF CENTURY
FIVE, A YOUNG COUPLE
IN A SMART, GREEN
MULE-TRAP CAME
JOGGING UP THE
HIGHROAD FROM THE
SANDREAS RIFT
RANGE TO THE
SOUTHEAST.



WHAT SHE SAID TO HIM WAS,
HOWEVER BEEN HEARD IN EVERY
AGE AND TONGUE.

JH, SERLI!

I'M SO GLAD WE'RE TAKING
THIS TRIP NOW. NEXT
SUMMER I'LL BE SO
BUSY WITH
BABY!



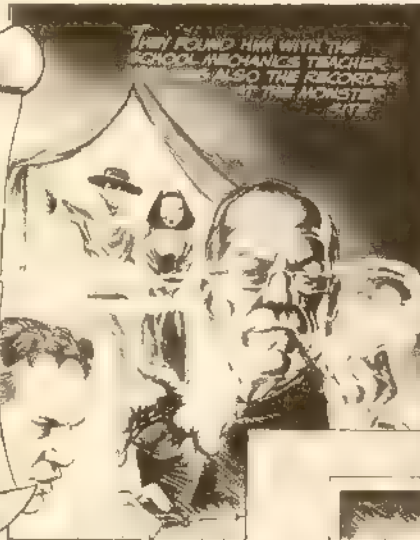
TO WHICH SERLI REPLIED AS
YOUNG HUSBANDS OFTEN HAVE...

...AND SO THEY TROTTED
TO THE TOWN'S INN.



HERE THEY LEFT
TRAP AND BABY AND
WENT TO SEARCH FOR
HER UNCLE WHO WAS
EXPECTING THEM

THE MORROW WAS
THE DAY OF THE
MAN JOHN'S
ANNUAL APPEARANCE
AND HER UNCLE
LABAN HAD COME
FROM THE MCKENZIE
HISTORY MUSEUM
TO OBSERVE IT.

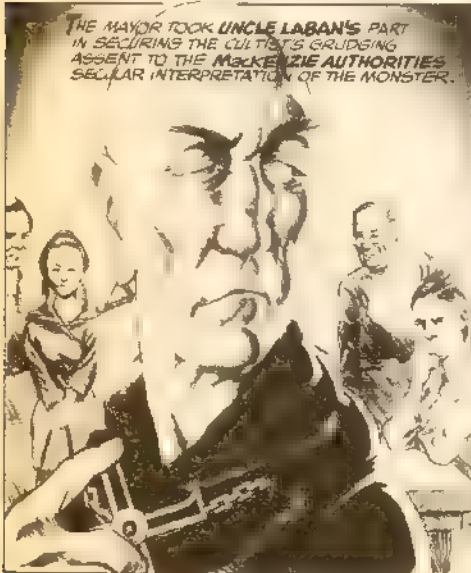


THEY FOUND HIM WITH THE
SCHOOL MECHANICS TEACHER
AND ALSO THE RECORDS
OF THE MONSTER
AT THE MONSTER
SITE



PRESENTLY, UNCLE LABAN
TOOK THEM ALL WITH HIM
OVER TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE
TO MEET WITH VARIOUS
RELIGIOUS PERSONAGES.

THE MAYOR TOOK UNCLE LABAN'S PART
IN SECURING THE CULTIST'S GRUDGING
ASSENT TO THE MCKENZIE AUTHORITIES
SECULAR INTERPRETATION OF THE MONSTER.



THEN SEEING HOW
PRETTY THE NIECE WAS,
HE TOOK THEM ALL HOME
TO DINNER.

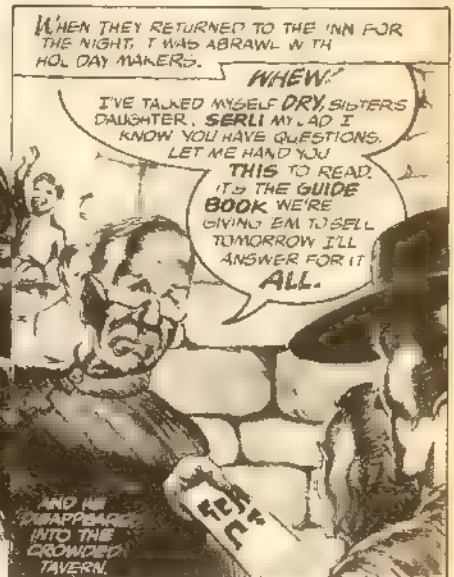


WHEN THEY RETURNED TO THE INN FOR
THE NIGHT, I WAS A BRAWL WITH
HOL DAY MAKERS.

WHEN?

I'VE TALKED MYSELF DRY, SISTERS
DAUGHTER. SERLI MY LAD I
KNOW YOU HAVE QUESTIONS.
LET ME HAND YOU

THIS TO READ
IT'S THE GUIDE
BOOK WE'RE
GIVING EM TO SELL
TOMORROW I'LL
ANSWER FOR IT
ALL.



AND HE
DISAPPEARED
INTO THE
CROWDED
TAVERN.

ALL THAT IS KNOWN OF
JOHN DELGANO COMES FROM TWO
DOCUMENTS LEFT BY HIS BROTHER CARL
DELGANO IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE MCKENZIE
GROUP IN THE EARLY YEARS AFTER
THE HOLOCAUST

PUT SOME
MONEY ON THIS
CANE, MONEY.

VERBATIM
TRANSCRIPT FOLLOWS,
THIS IS CARL DELGANO
SPEAKING

SO SERL AND
HIS BIRD TOOK
THE RANDOLPH
LETTERS TO BED
WITH THEM BUT IT
WAS NOT UNTIL THE
NEXT MORNING AT
BREAKFAST THAT
THEY FOUND THEM
TO READ IT

I'M NOT AN ENGINEER OR AN ASTRONAUT LIKE JOHN I RAN AN
ELECTRONICS REPAIR SHOP IN SALT LAKE CITY JOHN WAS ONLY
TRAINED AS A SPACEMAN HE NEVER GOT TO SPACE THE SLUMP
WIPEO ALL THAT OUT SO HE TIED UP WITH THE COMMERCIAL
GROUP WHO WERE LEAVING PART OF BONNEVILLE, BUT WE ALL
GOT TOGETHER SEVERAL TIMES A YEAR OUR WIVES WERE
LIKE SISTERS JOHN HAD TWO KIDS CLARA AND PAUL

THE TESTS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SECRET BUT
JOHN TOLD ME CONFIDENTIALLY THAT THEY WERE TRYING
FOR AN ANTI-GRAVITY CHAMBER

I DON'T KNOW IF IT EVER WORKED,
THAT WAS THE YEAR BEFORE.

SHE PICTURED HIM
LIKE YOU KNOW HIS
WELLS WALKING
AROUND IN SOME
FUTURE WORLD

JOHN TOLD
HER IT WASN'T
LIKE THAT AT ALL
THEY'D GET WOULD
BE THIS KIND OF
FLICKER LIKE A
SECOND OR TWO
ALL KINDS OF
COMPLICATIONS

NOT THAT IT MAKES ANY
DIFFERENCE OF COURSE
EVERYTHING WAS WIPED
OUT SALT LAKE TOO
THE ONLY REASON I'M
HERE IS THAT I WENT UP
BY CALGARY TO SEE MOM
APRIL 1961
MAY 2ND IT ALL BLEW
I DON'T FIND YOU FOUND
AT MCKENZIE UNTIL JULY
I GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL
STAY THAT'S ALL I KNOW
ABOUT JOHN, EXCEPT
THAT HE WAS AN ALL RIGHT
GUY IF THAT ACCIDENT
STARTED ALL THIS IT
WASN'T HIS FAULT

'THE SECOND DOCUMENT'- IN THE NAME OF LOVE, LITTLE MOTHER, DO I HAVE TO READ ALL THIS? OH VERY WELL BUT YOU WILL KISS ME FIRST, MADAM. MUST YOU LOOK SO INEFFABLE? 'THE SECOND DOCUMENT DATED THE YEAR 18 NEW STYLE, WRITTEN BY CARL...'

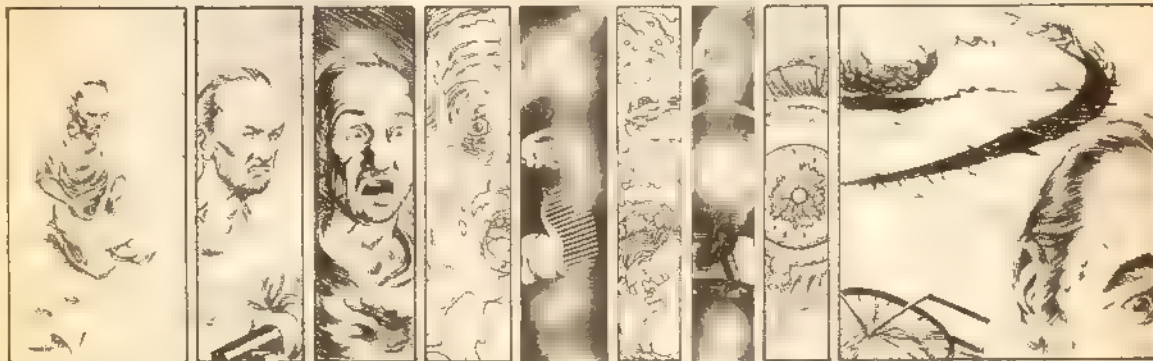
SEE THE OLD HANDWRITING, MY PLUMP PIGEON? OH VERY WELL VERY WELL...

WRITTEN AT BONNEVILLE CRATER: 'I HAVR SEEN MY BROTHER JOHN DELGANO. WHEN I KNEW I HAD THE RAD SICKNESS I CAME DOWN HERE TO LOOK AROUND.'

SALT LAKE'S STILL HOT, SO I HIKED UP HERE BY BONNEVILLE. YOU CAN SEE THE CRATER WHERE THE LABS WERE, ITS GROSSED OVER. IT'S DIFFERENT NOT RADIOACTIVE

MY FILMS OK. THERE'S A BARE PLACE IN THE MIDDLE. SOME INDIOS HERE TOLD ME THE MONSTER SHOWS UP HERE EVERY YEAR, IN THE SPR NG.

I SAW IT MYSELF A COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER I GOT HERE BUT WAS TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE MUCH, EXCEPT I WAS SURE IT'S A MAN... IN A VACUUM SUIT.



THERE WAS A LOT OF NOISE AND DUST... TOOK ME BY SURPRISE.

IT WAS OVER IN A SECOND.

I FIGURED IT PRETTY CLOSE TO THE DAY, I MEAN MAY 2ND, OLD.

SO I HUNG AROUND A YEAR AND HE SHOWED UP AGAIN YESTERDAY...

I WAS ON THE FACE SIDE AND I COULD SEE HIS FACE THROUGH THE FACEPLATE. IT'S JOHN, ALL RIGHT HE'S HURT, I SAW BLOOD ON HIS MOUTH AND HIS SUIT IS FRAYED SOME.

HOW WOULD COULD HE GET DOWN?

HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION EACH TIME AND THERE'S A LOUD CRACK LIKE THUNDER AND ANOTHER SOUND LIKE A SIREN VERY FAST... AND AN OZONE SMELL AND SMOKE I FELT A KIND OF SHUDDER.

I know it's John. I've and I think he's here. I have to have a way to take him back. While I can still back I think someone should help him. Maybe you can help John. Signed, Alex Wilson

HIS EYES ARE OPEN LIKE HE WAS LOOKING. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ANYWAY BUT I KNOW IT'S JOHN, NOT A GHOST.

THESE RECORDS WERE KEPT BY THE MCKENZIE GROUP, BUT IT WAS NOT FOR SEVERAL YEARS- ETCETERA.

...ARCHIVES, ANALYSTS, ETCETERA-VERY GOOD NOW IT IS TIME TO MEET YOUR UNCLE. MY EDIBLE ONE AFTER WE GO UPSTAIRS FOR JUST A MOMENT.

NO, SER! I WILL WAIT FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS.

SO I HUNG AROUND A YEAR AND HE SHOWED UP AGAIN YESTERDAY ...

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I know it's John
I've had a hunch he
wasn't dead for some time
now to take him back
while we can still
back up think someone
should help him.
Maybe you can help
John Signed,
Alex Morgan

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NO SERL I WILL WAIT FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS.

SO I HUNG AROUND A YEAR AND HE SHOWED UP AGAIN YESTERDAY ...

I WAS ON THE FACE SIDE AND I COULD SEE HIS FACE THROUGH THE FACEPLATE. IT'S JOHN, ALL RIGHT HE'S HURT, I SAW BLOOD ON HIS MOUTH AND HIS SUIT IS FRAYED SOME.

HOW WOULD COULD HE GET DOWN?

HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION EACH TIME AND THERE'S A LOUD CRACK LIKE THUNDER AND ANOTHER SOUND LIKE A SIREN VERY FAST... AND AN OZONE SMELL AND SMOKE I FELT A KIND OF SHUDDER.

I know it's John. I've and I think he's here. I have to have a way to take him back. While he's still back. I think someone should help him. Maybe you can help John. Signed, Alex Morgan

THESE RECORDS WERE KEPT BY THE MCKENZIE GROUP, BUT IT WAS NOT FOR SEVERAL YEARS- ETCETERA.

...ARCHIVES, ANALYSTS, ETCETERA-VERY GOOD NOW IT IS TIME TO MEET YOUR UNCLE. MY EDIBLE ONE AFTER WE GO UPSTAIRS FOR JUST A MOMENT.

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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE DISTANCE?

HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION EACH TIME AND THERE'S A LOUD CRACK LIKE THUNDER AND ANOTHER SOUND LIKE A SIREN VERY FAST... AND AN OZONE SMELL AND SMOKE I FELT A KIND OF SHUDDER.

I know it's John. I've and I think he's here. I have to have a way to take him back. While he's still back. I think someone should help him. Maybe you can help John. Signed, Gillian Anderson

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HIS EYES ARE OPEN LIKE HE WAS LOOKING. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ANYWAY BUT I KNOW IT'S JOHN, NOT A GHOST.

HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITION EACH TIME AND THERE'S A LOUD CRACK LIKE THUNDER AND ANOTHER SOUND LIKE A SIREN VERY FAST... AND AN OZONE SMELL AND SMOKE I FELT A KIND OF SHUDDER.

I know it's John. There and I think he was trying to save me. How to take him back while no one else could. I think someone showed him how. Maybe you can help.

John Signed,
Scully Morgan

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HURT, I SAW BLOOD ON HIS
MOUTH AND HIS SUIT IS
FRAYED SOME

HOW WOULD COULD
HE DISTANCE
THE LIGHTS ARE
SHUTTING OFF
SOMEONE'S
PAINFUL

HIS EYES ARE OPEN
LIKE HE WAS LOOKING.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT
ANYWAY BUT I KNOW IT'S
JOHN, NOT A GHOST.

HE WAS IN EXACTLY THE
SAME POSITION EACH TIME
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was in here to have
to take him back
while he was still
back I think someone
should help him.
Maybe you can help
John Signed,
Gillian Anderson

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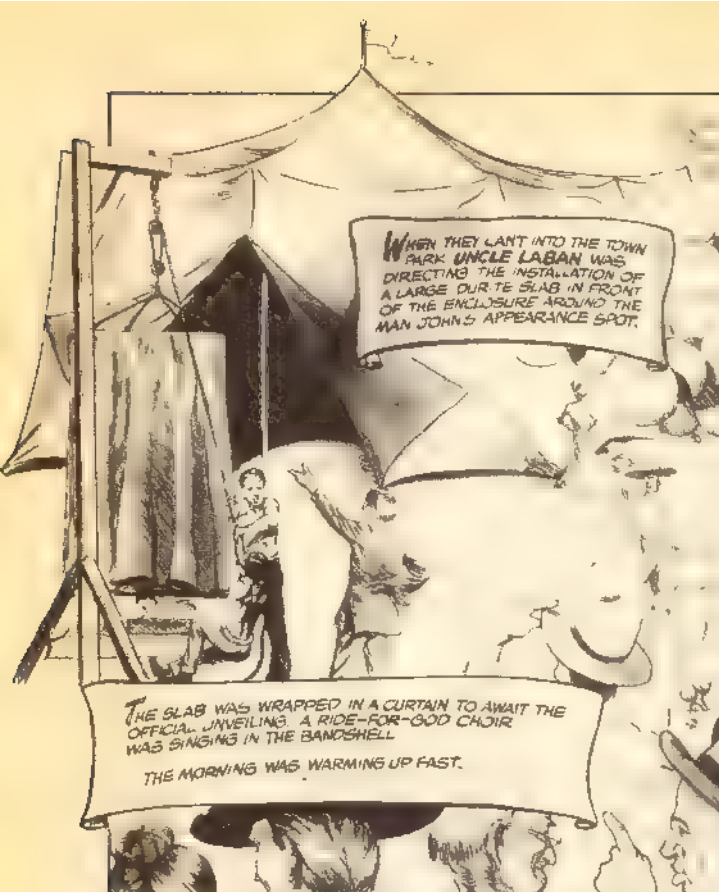
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WHEN THEY CAME INTO THE TOWN PARK UNCLE LABAN WAS DIRECTING THE INSTALLATION OF A LARGE CURTAIN SLAB IN FRONT OF THE ENCLOSURE AROUND THE MAN JOHN'S APPEARANCE SPOT.

THE SLAB WAS WRAPPED IN A CURTAIN TO AWAIT THE OFFICIAL UNVEILING. A RIDE-FOR-GOD CHOIR WAS SINGING IN THE BANDSHELL. THE MORNING WAS WARMING UP FAST.

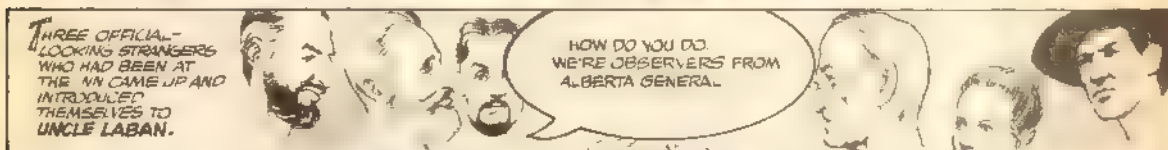


ANOTHER RELIGIOUS GROUP STOOD BY IN DARK ROBES - THEY BELONGED TO THE REPENTANCE CHURCH BEYOND THE PARK.

STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR MAN JOHN TOY!

ICE! GOOD LUCK CONFETTI!

THEIR PASTOR WAS DIRECTING SOMBER GLARES AT THE CROWD IN GENERAL AND MR RAY'S UNCLE IN PARTICULAR.



THREE OFFICIAL-LOOKING STRANGERS WHO HAD BEEN AT THE INN CAME UP AND INTRODUCED THEMSELVES TO UNCLE LABAN.

HOW DO YOU DO. WE'RE OBSERVERS FROM ALBERTA GENERAL.



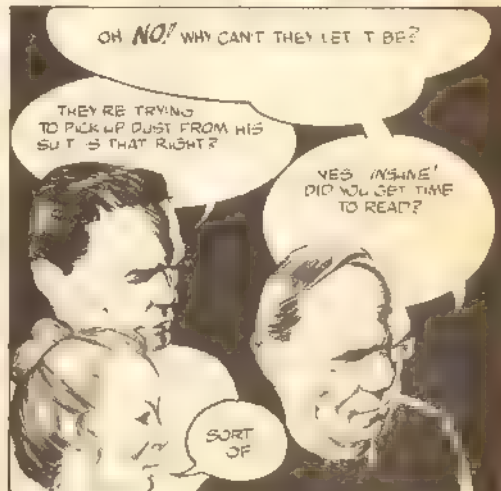
THEY WENT ON INTO THE TENT CARRYING SEVERAL PIECES OF EQUIPMENT WHICH THE TOWNSFOLK EYED WITH SUSPICIONS.

WELL SHALL WE GO IN?



ONE OF THE OFFICIALS LEANED OVER TO SET UP A TRIPOD STAND INSIDE THE TENT. HE ADJUSTED IT AND A HUGE HORSE-TAIL OF FINE-FEATHERED FILAMENTS BLOSSOMED OUT AND EDDIED THROUGH THE CENTRE OF THE SPACE.

OH NO.



OH NO! WHY CAN'T THEY LET IT BE?

THEY'RE TRYING TO PICK UP DUST FROM HIS SUIT IS THAT RIGHT?

YES INSURE! DID YOU GET TIME TO READ?

SORT OF



THEN YOU KNOW
HE'S FALLING.
TRYING TO SLOW
DOWN HE MUST
HAVE SLIPPED OR
STUMBED! WE'RE
GETTING PRETTY
CLOSE TO WHEN
HE LOST HIS
FOOTING AND
STARTED TO FALL.
WHAT DID IT?
DID
SOMEBODY
TRIP HIM?

WOULD
YOU LIKE TO BE THE
ONE WHO MADE JOHN
DELGANO FALL?

YOU MEAN, WHOEVER
MADE HIM FALL
CAUSED ALL THE,
CAUSED—

OH...OH

POSSIBLE.

OH COME
NOW LABAN.

OUR DUST-MOP
COULDN'T TRIP
A GNAT

IT'S JUST
VITREOUS
MONOFILAMENTS.

DUST FROM THE
FUTURE. WHAT'S
IT GOING TO TELL
YOU? THAT THE
FUTURE HAS DUST
IN IT?

IF WE COULD
ONLY GET A
TRACE FROM THAT
THING IN HIS
HAND.

WAIT A MINUTE
HE DID FALL
SO SOMEBODY
HAD TO DO IT. I
MEAN HE HAD TO
TRIP OR WHATEVER

IF HE DOESN'T FALL
THE ONLY WOULD
BE ALL CHANGED
WOULDN'T IT?
NO WAR
NO

POSSIBLE.

GOD KNOWS.
ALL I KNOW IS
THAT JOHN DELGANO
AND THE SPACE
AROUND HIM IS THE
MOST UNSTABLE
IMPROBABLE HIGHLY
CHARGED AREA EVER
KNOWN ON EARTH.
AND I'M DAMNED IF
I THINK ANYBODY
SHOULD GO POKING
STICKS IN IT



IN HIS HAND

WE'VE HAD A
RECORDING ANALYZER
A METER AT IT

A SPECTROSCOPE.

WE KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING
THERE OR WAS. CAN'T GET A
DECENT READING. IT'S
SEVERELY DETERIORATED.

PEOPLE
POKING AT HIM,
GRABBING AT HIM
YOU—

TEN MINUTES!

TAKE YOUR PLACES,
FRIENDS AND
STRANGERS!



THE REPENTANCE PEOPLE WERE FILING IN AT ONE SIDE, INTONING AN ANCIENT INCANTATION.

"MI-SERE-RE,
PEC-CAVI."

THE ATMOSPHERE SUDDENLY
BECAME TENSE. IT WAS NOW
VERY CLOSE IN THE TENT.

A BOY FROM THE MAYOR'S OFFICE
BELLOINED LABAN'S PARTY TO
COME AND SIT IN THE GUEST CHOIRS
ON THE SECOND LEVEL ON THE
"FALE" SIDE IN FRONT OF THEM
AT THE RAIL ONE OF THE
REPENTANCE MINISTERS WAS
AROUND WITH AN ALBERTAN
OFFICIAL OVER HIS RIGHT TO
OCCUPY SPACE TAKEN BY A
REQUIRER. IT BEING HIS SPECIAL
DUTY TO LOOK INTO THE
MAN JOHN'S EYES.

CAN
HE
REALLY
SEE
US?

BLINK YOUR EYES
A NEW SCENE EVERY
BLINK, THAT'S WHAT
HE SEES.

PHANTASMAGORIA

BLINK BLINK-BLINK
FOR GOD
KNOWS
HOW
LONG

MI-SERE-RE,
PEC-CAVI.

MAY THE
RED OF
SIN
PA-AA-ASS
FROM
US.

THEY BELIEVE HIS OXYGEN
TAB WENT RED BECAUSE OF THE
THE STATE OF THEIR SOULS.

THEIR SOULS ARE GOING TO
HAVE TO STAY DAMNED WHILE
JOHN DELGANO HAS BEEN
ON OXYGEN
RESERVE FOR
FIVE
CENTURIES

OR
RATHER
HE WILL
BE LOW
FOR
FIVE
CENTURIES
MORE.

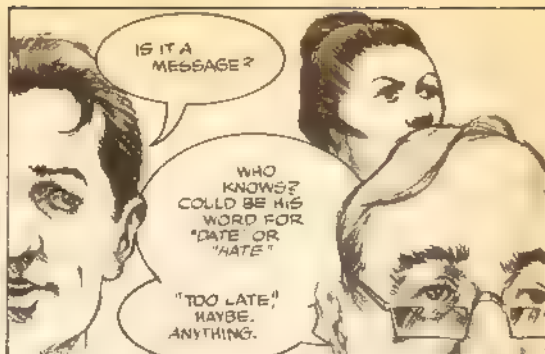
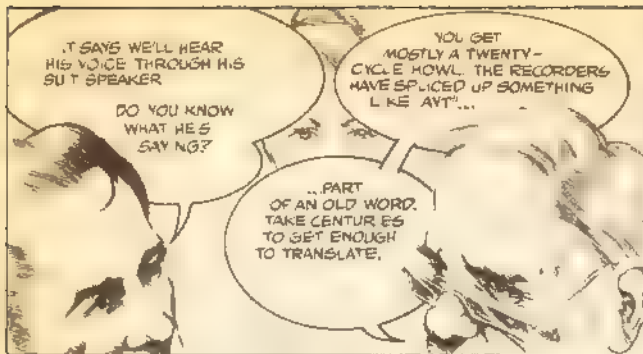
AT A HALF-SECOND PER
YEAR HIS TIME THAT'S
FIFTEEN MINUTES.

WE KNOW FROM
THE A.D.O TRACE
HE'S STILL BREATHING
MORE OR LESS
NORMALLY
AND THE RESERVE
WAS GOOD
FOR TWENTY
MINUTES.

THEY SHOULD HAVE
THEIR SALVATION ABOUT
THE YEAR SEVEN HUNDRED.
IF THEY LAST THAT
LONG.

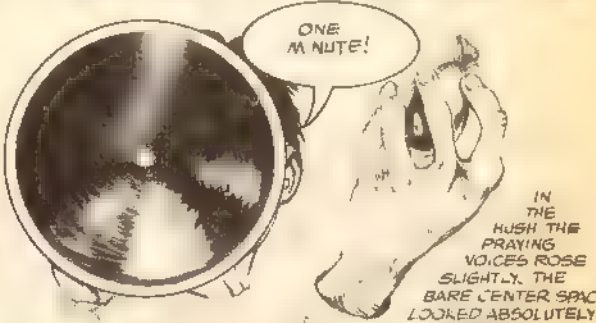
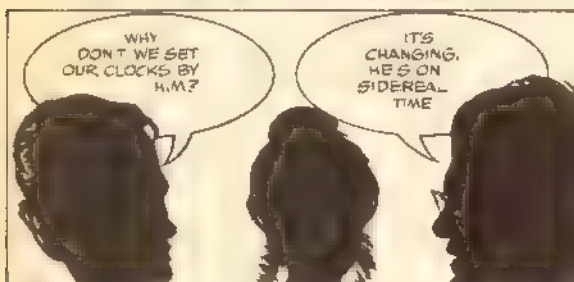
FIVE MINUTES.

TAKE YOUR SEATS,
FOLKS.
PLEASE SIT DOWN
SO EVERYONE
CAN SEE.



THE TENT WAS QUIETING. A FAT CHILD BY THE RAILING STARTED TO CRY AND WAS PULLED BACK ONTO A LAP. THERE WAS A SUBDUED MUMBLE OF PRAYING.

THE HOLY JOY FACTION ON THE FAR SIDE RUSTLED THEIR FLOWERS.



OVER IT THE RECORDER'S SILVERY FILAMENTS EDDIED GENTLY IN THE BREATH FROM A HUNDRED LINGS. ANOTHER RECORDER COULD BE HEARD TICKING FAINTLY



THE AIR DEVELOPED A TINY HUM

AT THE SAME MOMENT AYRA CAUGHT A MOVEMENT AT THE RAILING ON THE LEFT.

THE HUM DEVELOPED A BEAT AND VANISHED INTO A PECULIAR SILENCE.



SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING HAPPENED AT ONCE.



SOUND BURST ON THEM, RACED SHOCKINGLY UP THE AUDIBLE SCALE. THE AIR CRACKLED AS SOMETHING ROLLED AND TUMBLED INTO SPACE.

THERE WAS A GRINDING, WAILING ROAR AND...

HE WAS THERE!

SOLID, HUGE - A HUGE MAN IN A MONSTER SUIT. ALTHOUGH HE SEEMED TO BE IN FRANTIC FORWARD MOTION, NOTHING MOVED. ONLY ONE OF HIS LEGS BUCKLED OR SAGGED SLIGHTLY.

AND THEN HE WAS GONE IN A THUNDERCLAP, LEAVING ONLY THE INCREDIBLE AFTER IMAGE IN A HUNDRED PAIRS OF STARING EYES.

AIR BOOMED SHUDDERING, DUST ROILED OUT MIXED WITH SMOKE.

VOICES WERE CRYING OUT CHOKING. CHILDREN BEGAN TO HOWL.

OH, MY GOD!

HE SAW ME! HE SAW ME!

RED, OH LORD HAVE MERCY!

MIRA HEARD LABAN SWEARING FURIOUSLY AND LOOKED AGAIN INTO SPACE.

SOME DAMN FOOL PITCHED FLOWERS INTO IT. COME ON, LET'S GET OUT.

WAS IT UNDER, DID IT TRIP HIM?

IT WAS STILL RED, HIS OXYGEN THING. NO MERCY THIS TRIP EH, LABAN?

SH H-H

AS THE DUST SETTLED SHE COULD SEE THAT THE RECORDER'S TRIPOD HAD TIPPED OVER INTO THE CENTER. THERE WAS A DUSTY MOUND AGAINST IT - FLOWERS.

THEY JOSTLED THROUGH THE ENCLOSURE GATE AND WERE OUT IN THE SUNLIT PARK VOLES EXCLAIMING CHATTERING LOUDLY IN EXCITEMENT AND RELIEF...

IT WAS TERRIBLE. OH, I NEVER THOUGHT IT WAS A REAL, -VE MAN. THERE HE IS. HE'S THERE WHY CAN'T WE HELP HIM?

DID WE TRIP HIM?

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T THINK SO.

THEY SAT DOWN NEAR THE NEW MONUMENT, FANNING THEMSELVES.

DID WE CHANGE THE PAST?

BUT IT WASN'T JUST THOSE ALBERTA PEOPLE. IT WAS THE FLOWERS, REALLY.

MECHANICS OR SUPERSTITION. WHICH IS THE CULPRIT, LOVE OR SCIENCE?

THE FLOWERS WERE LOVE, I GUESS - I FEEL SO STRANGE. IT'S HOT OH THANK YOU.

UNLIKE LABAN HAD SUCCEEDED IN ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE ICE - DRINK VENDOR

PEOPLE WERE CHATTING NORMALLY NOW AND THE CROWD STRUCK INTO A CHEERFUL SONG. AT ONE END OF THE PARK A LINE OF PEOPLE WERE WAITING TO SIGN THEIR NAMES TO THE VISITOR'S BOOK

WHAT DOES IT SAY ON THAT STONE BY HIS FEET?

IT SAYS, "WELCOME HOME, JOHN." HIS BROTHER CARL CARVED IT FOR HIM

I WONDER IF HE CAN SEE IT.

THE MAYOR APPEARED AT THE PARK GATE LEADING A PARTY UP THE BOULANVILLE ALLEY FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT.

THE MAYOR WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN HIS SPEECH.

11
MUCH LATER WHEN THE
CROWD HAD GONE AWAY
THE MONUMENT STOOD ALONE
IN THE DARK DISPLAYING TO
THE MOON THE INSCRIPTION
IN THE LANGUAGE OF THAT
TIME AND PLACE.

... SPOT THERE APPEARS ANNUALLY THE FORM
OF JOHN DELGANO, THE FIRST AND ONLY MAN TO
TRAVEL IN TIME.
MAJOR DELGANO WAS SENT INTO THE FUTURE SOME
TENS OF THOUSANDS BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST OF DAY ZERO. ALL
KNOWLEDGE OF THE MEANS BY WHICH HE WAS SENT
IS LOST, PERHAPS FOREVER. IT IS BELIEVED THAT AN ACCIDENT
OCCURRED WHICH SENT HIM MUCH FARTHER THAN WAS
INTENDED. SOME ANALYSTS SPECULATE THAT HE MAY
HAVE GONE AS FAR AS FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AHEAD, HAV-
ING REACHED THIS UNKNOWN POINT MAJOR DELGANO AP-
PARENTLY WAS RECALLED, UP ATTEMPTED TO RETURN,
ALONG THE COURSE IN SPACE AND TIME THROUGH WHICH
HE WAS SENT. HIS TRAJECTORY IS THOUGHT TO START AT
THE POINT WHICH OUR SOLAR SYSTEM WILL OCCUPY AT A
FUTURE TIME AND IS TANGENT TO THE COMPLEX HELIX
WHICH OUR EARTH DESCRIBES AROUND THE SUN.

HE APPEARS ON THIS SPOT IN THE ANNUAL INSTANTS IN
WHICH HIS COURSE INTERSECTS OUR PLANET'S ORBIT AND
HE IS APPARENTLY ABLE TO TOUCH THE GROUND IN THOSE
INSTANTS. SINCE NO TRACE OF HIS PASSAGE INTO THE
FUTURE HAS BEEN MANIFESTED, IT IS BELIEVED THAT HE
IS RETURNING BY A DIFFERENT MEANS THAN HE WENT
FORWARD. HE IS ALIVE IN OUR PRESENT. OUR PAST IS HIS
FUTURE AND OUR FUTURE IS HIS PAST. THE TIME OF HIS
APPEARANCES IS SHIFTING GRADUALLY IN SOLAR TIME
TO CONVERGE ON THE MOMENT OF 1153.6, ON
MAY 2, 1989 OLD STYLE, OR DAY ZERO.

THE EXPLOSION WHICH ACCOMPANIED HIS RETURN TO
HIS OWN TIME AND PLACE MAY HAVE OCCURRED WHEN
SOME ELEMENTS OF THE PAST INSTANTS OF HIS COURSE
WERE CARRIED WITH HIM INTO THEIR OWN PRIOR EXIST-
ENCE. IT IS CERTAIN THAT THIS EXPLOSION PRECIPITATED
THE WORLDWIDE HOLOCAUST WHICH ENDED FOREVER
THE AGE OF HARDSOFTSCIENCE



HE WAS FALLING, LOSING
CONTROL, FALLING IN HIS
FIGHT AGAINST THE TERRIBLE
MOMENTUM HE HAD GAINED.

FIGHTING WITH HIS HUMAN LEGS SHAKING
IN THE INHUMAN STIFFNESS OF HIS ARMOR,
HIS SOLES CHARRED, NOT GRIPPING WELL
NOW, NOT ENOUGH TRACTION TO BRAKE.

...BATTLING...

THRUSTING AS THE FLAMES
CAME, THE PUNISHING
ALTERNATION OF LIGHT
DARK, LIGHT, DARK, WHICH
HE HAD BORNE SO
LONG.

THE GLAPS OF AIR THICKENING
AND THINNING AGAINST HIS
SUITS AS HE SKIDDED THROUGH
SPACE WHICH WAS TIME,
DESPERATELY BRAKING AS
THE FLICKERS OF EARTH
HAMMERED AGAINST
HIS FEET.

...ONLY HIS FEET MATTERED
NOW, ONLY TO SLOW AND
STAY ON COURSE.

...AND THE PULL, THE BEACON WAS GETTING
SLACKER, AS HE CAME NEAR HOME IT WAS
FANNING OUT, HARD TO STAY CENTERED.



ING
-
GH

IS GETTING
E IT WAS
ERED.

...HE WAS BECOMING, HE
SUPPOSED MORE PROBABLE,
THE WOUND HE HAD PUNCHED
IN TIME WAS HEALING ITSELF



IN THE BEGINNING I HAD BEEN SO FORTH
SINGLE RAY OF LIGHT IN A GLOSSY
HE HAD HURLED HIMSELF AFTER IT LIKE AN
ELECTRON FLYING TO THE ANODE
SURELY ALONG THAT EXQUISITE
COMPLEX SINGLE
POSSIBLY

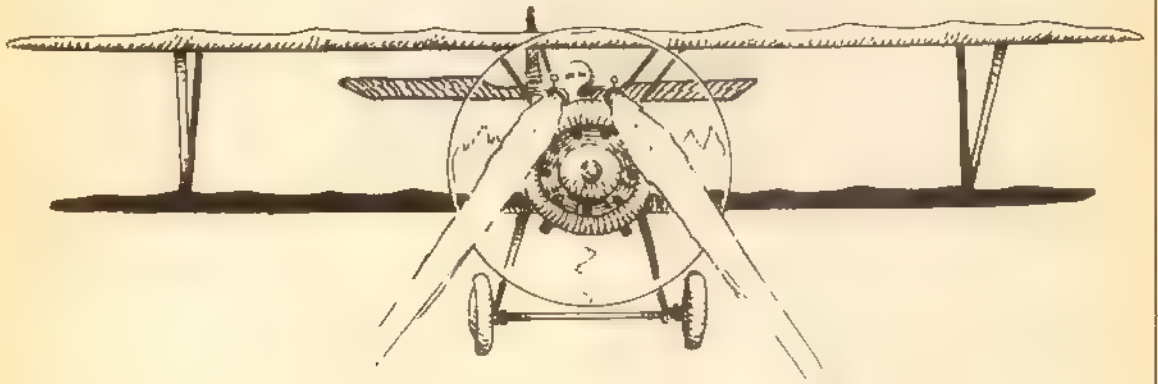


ED
TECTING
WHICH
VABLE
NOT

The Escape And Pursuit Of Jeanne d'Arc

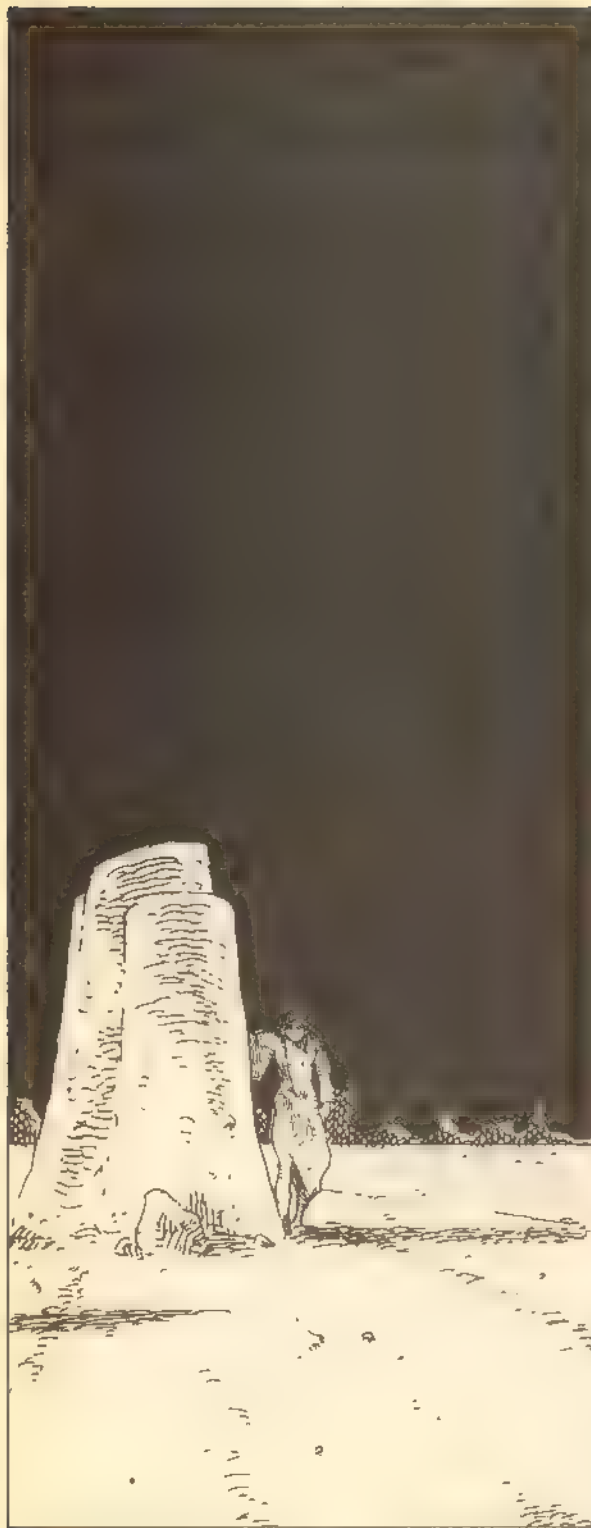


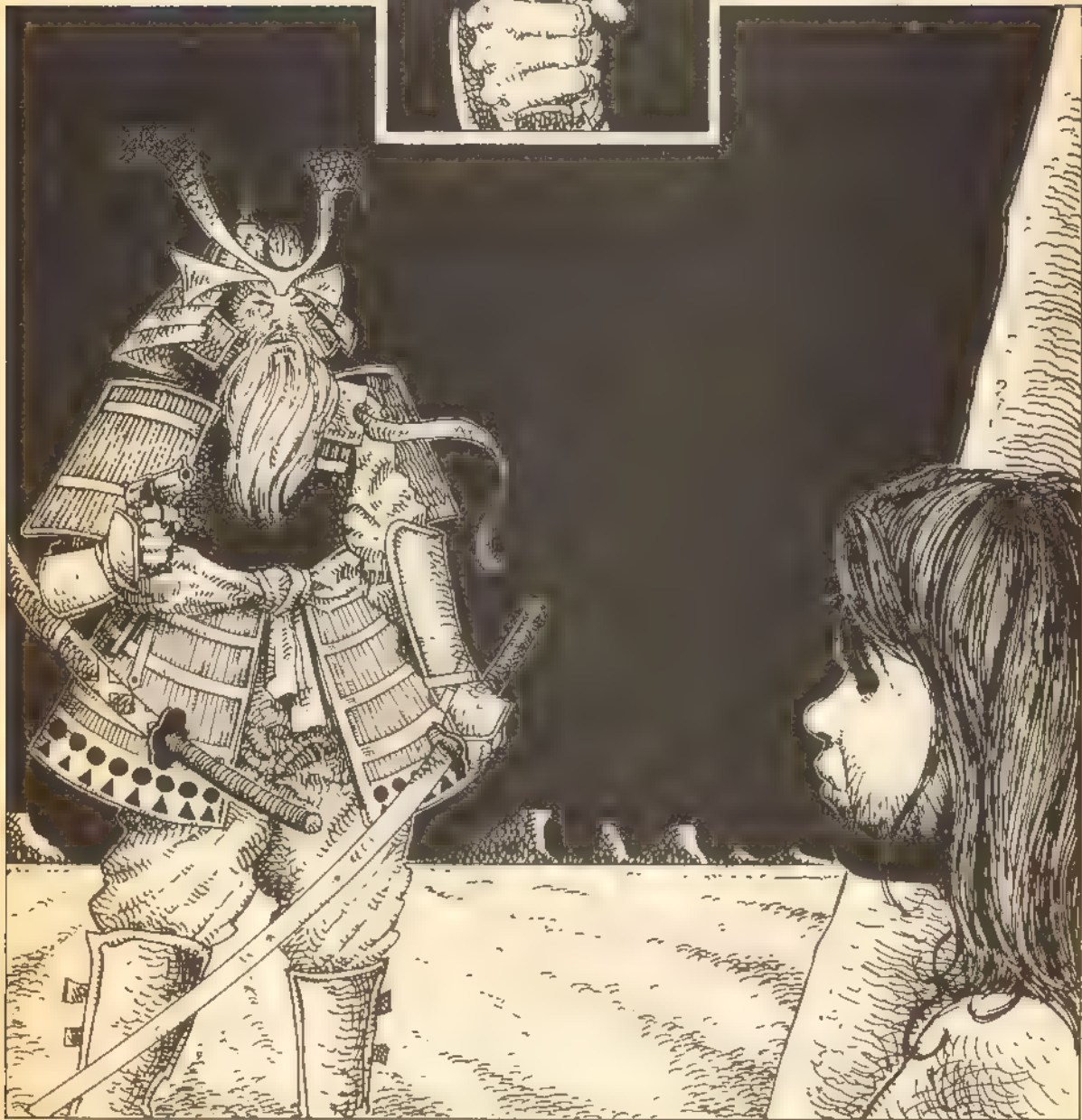


















You are safe now, Jeanne. Calm yourself. Open your eyes. Look at me. Do I haunt you? This has all been staged for your benefit. You died so long ago. It must have exhausted the ceremonies of your memory. Don't cower. I would hate to dream of losing thy Lord's valor. Be brave. Remember when you were me. When the voices were served. You're still living on our funeral pyre. Remember when the principles were served, the terms of justice. They have all passed now. Remember, perhaps the voices themselves. The words from the ascending ether. . . We've sacrificed everything, Jeanne. Everything but your virginity.















...everything people...
...you...
...you...

Is that Lady dead? She looks so much like you. Don't cry. I'm lost. If you take me home I'll be your friend. Would you? I don't think it's very far away.

What?

Oh; this crucifix is from church. I got it in Sunday school. Do you go to church?



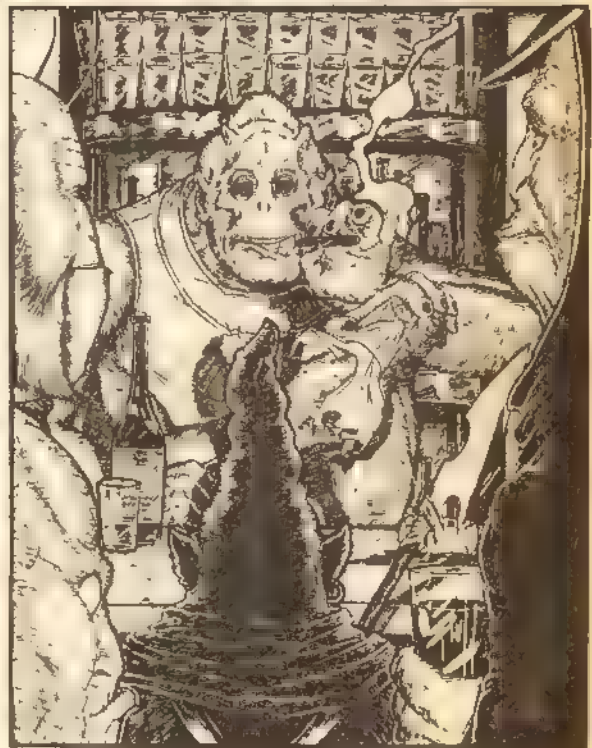








A DAY AT YGRIP'S







Cerebral Swamp.

BY DON MARSHALL

TROLL

NOT NUTHIN' MORE FUN DEN
SSSCARIN' PEOPLE THINGS...
(SLOBBER, SNORT, CACKLE)

DEY COME HOPPIN' AN' BOUNCIN'
ONTO DA BRIDGE. DEY NEVER GUESS
WHAT WAITIN' DER (SLOBBER) ME!



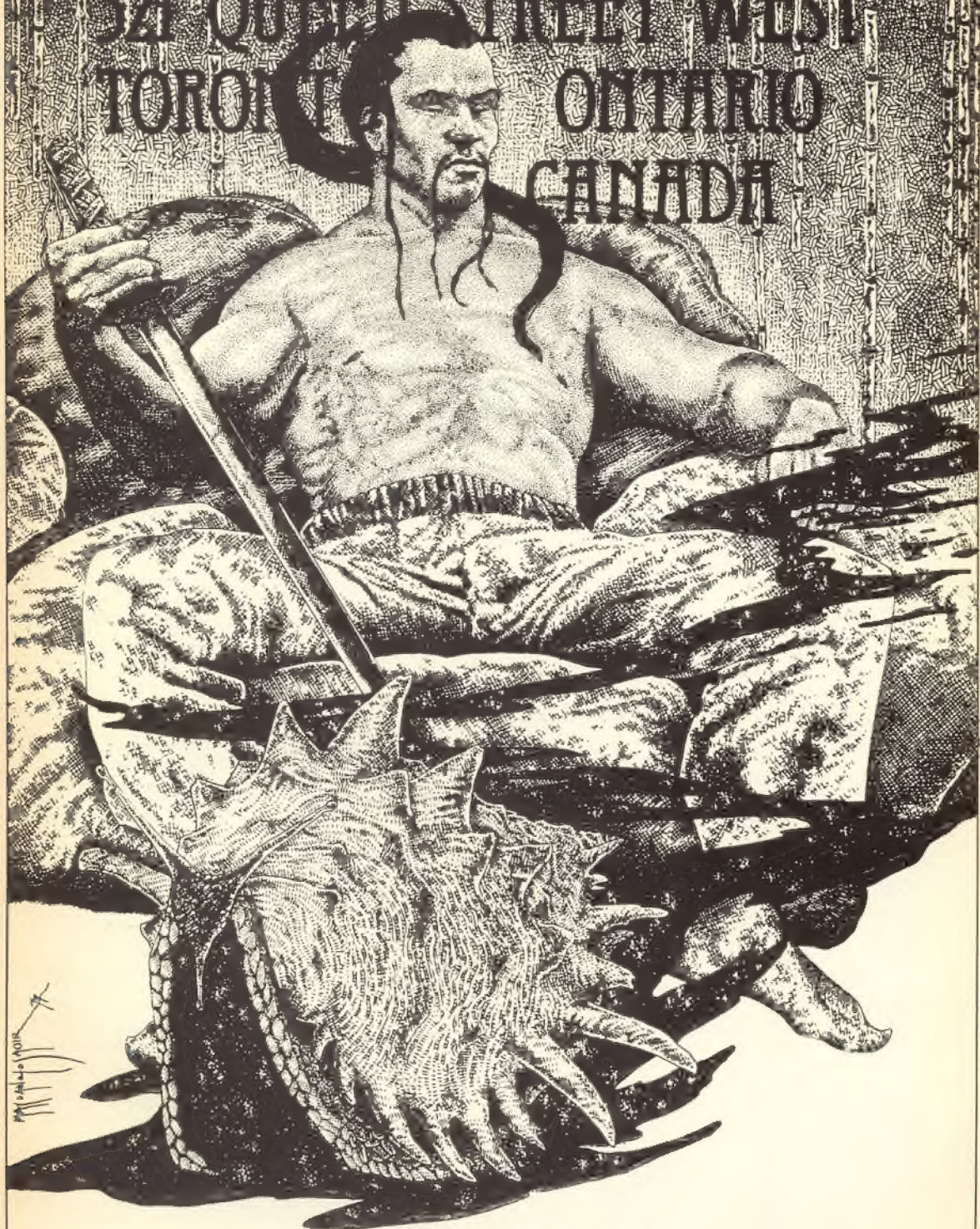
SPLASH! IT YELL AN' SCREAM AN'
KICK ALOT, AN' IT SPLUTTER AN'
CHOKES WHEN IT SEE ME!

IT SO SSSCARED IT SHAKE AN'
IT JUMP AN' IT GOT BIG BUGGY-
BAG EYES!

BUT SOMETIMES
IT DROWNS,
AN' IT SPOILS ALL DA FUN...



514-591-1111
321 QUEEN STREET WEST
TORONTO ONTARIO
CANADA



ARIK KHAN

COMING:
ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S
EXILE of the AEONS



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Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

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50 - Cerebral Swamp

Artists:

Dean Motter (editor) 3(e), 29-47

John Allison 1, 6-14(story adaptation, a+),
15-28(story adaptation)

Tony Meers 15-28(a+)

James Tiptree 6-28(original story)

Jason Ross 3, 48-49

Robert MacIntyre 2, 51

Franco Reyes 4

B.P. Nichol? 5(poem)

Don Marshall 50

Paul Rivoche 52